

BY THE STREAM.

The sunlight steals between the leaves  
And flickers on the stream;  
The little minnows dart about  
Like shadows in a dream.

Beyond the shade the clover-field  
Is quivering with the heat,  
But here the water ripples cool  
About the children's feet.

The leaves stir softly overhead;  
The shadows verge toward noon.  
And they will have to leave them play  
And go to dinner soon.

—Katharine Cole, in Harper's Bazar.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

By Marian C. L. Reeves.

MADGE started violently as  
her eyes fell on the pic-  
ture, well placed in the  
gallery, to catch the eye  
even of a careless passer-by.

She looked at it, and to hold it, with its  
warmth and depth of coloring and its  
quaint tone, like that of a Volks-Lied.  
"St. John's Eve in Norway,"  
Madge would have known it at a  
glance, without that label on it.

For an instant she stood staring.  
Then, rather than her limbs failed  
under her than that she desired to sit  
down opposite the picture, she dropped  
upon the bench before it, her some-  
what shabbily gloved hands folded  
on her lap.

Her dress was a little shabby, too.  
The long, black mourning veil clung  
about her limply, "as she pushed it  
back out of her way."

To any passer-by she might seem  
but one of the crowd in the Corcoran  
Gallery on this free day.

But Madge, the real Madge, was not  
like that at all. She was yonder in the  
picture, in the midsummer night in  
the midst of the St. John's Eve pro-  
cession.

A year ago. Was it only a year  
ago?—it seemed a lifetime, back into  
that happy Wanderjahr, which ended  
so abruptly.

It was on the homeward passage to  
America that her father had died,  
suddenly, of heart failure, it was said.  
But Madge knew he had gotten his  
death blow from the latest American  
paper which the pilot brought on  
board as they entered the bay, a paper  
lightly opened, and which con-  
tained latest particulars of the great  
bank failure, sweeping clean away the  
fortune he had meant to leave his  
child.

"A beggar!" Madge, bending over  
him, had caught that last faint word  
upon his lips. "A beggar!"  
Madge straightened herself and  
knotted her hands about the little  
black silk bag which had carried her  
lunch this morning to the office, and  
which was now bringing back in its  
mouth a bunch of field daisies bought  
from a street boy on the way home.  
A beggar?—no, but never farther re-  
moved from that than since she had  
become a worker.

But that Wanderjahr, in which her  
only work had seemed to be to work  
out her own happiness.  
The glamour of it was in her eyes,  
gazing back into the picture. How  
like one valley to another, sunk among  
those Scandinavian mountains. It  
might have been this very one, into  
which she and her party had descended,  
drenched with a sudden cloudburst  
on the mountain top. There was nothing  
for it but to borrow peasant cos-  
tumes at the friendly peasant below,  
and a bright color flung to Madge's  
face now as she feels again the eyes  
of the artist of the party upon her,  
as, with the farmer's daughter, the  
three girls traveling together come  
out, and for a moment fall into line  
with the St. John's Eve dancers troop-  
ing there from the neighboring vil-  
lage.

She remembers it all; the artist's  
eyes, as he looked on the speedy de-  
tection of the three make-believe vil-  
lage girls; the merry stunts, the laugh-  
ter and light repartee among the tour-  
ists; the gay village music; the farm-  
house glowing in the background, its  
tall chimney ending in a cross, built  
high against the sky.

How like, how like it was!  
But Madge's thought broke off with  
a gasp.

In one of those faces, half turned  
toward her, she had recognized her  
own, as in a looking glass.

How well—too well—she remem-  
bered! The artist's eyes; no words  
of his. Few words had passed be-  
tween them, indeed, though for three  
weeks they had been meeting almost  
daily.

Over those uncrowded routes the  
ways of sight-seers are apt to cross  
and re-cross; as had theirs from the  
time when, with an apology, he put  
an extra rug across her lap in the  
weird day-night when she sat on the  
deck of the stout coast steamer, watch-  
ing for the midnight sun off Norway,  
to that Eve of St. John, that midsum-  
mer eve, which ended it all. For while  
Madge slept in the queer little nest  
under the eaves, and dreamed her  
strange, bright, confused, little, in-  
cent midsummer night's dreams, in  
which fairies and peasants danced  
were interviewed in Trina's train, and  
the artist was Lyander, standing  
apart, looking on at it all, with his  
hands in his pockets and a cigar in  
his mouth, and that in his eyes.

Madge's color was flickering up into  
her weary face again at that memory,  
and then it faded out; for while she  
slept her father had been revising his  
plans for further travel. That unlucky  
meeting on the mountain had damp-  
ened his desire for northern travel. The  
next morning (when the artist had gone  
forward, with the tacit understanding  
that at the foot of a certain famous  
waterfall, deep in the mountain fast-  
ness, one night very well meet mid-  
summer friends again) over a rather  
breakfast her father unfolded his

new arrangement to Madge. They  
would retrace their way, and take the  
returning steamer on the morrow; and  
after all return home to America; a  
little earlier. "After all, there is noth-  
ing much better than the home moun-  
tains and seashore for the summer  
weather, is there? And then, Madge—"

But there had been no "and then"  
for poor little Madge. Her story was  
finished, she told herself.

And, indeed, it had been so very lit-  
tle of a story! Just a mere hint of a  
sketch that might have been made.  
If she could have told her father!  
But what could she have told her  
father? That she wanted to climb and  
climb along the rough, wild moun-  
tain ways; in the wake of a man who  
had flung a spare rug across her knees  
in a bleak midnight sea wind; who had  
caught her once, staggering on a  
slippery, rolling deck; who had  
plucked a bit of mountain moss for her  
on the edge of an abyss; who had stood  
apart on a midsummer eve, on the edge  
of a village dance, with a cigar in his  
mouth, and his eyes—

Madge put a hasty hand across her  
eyes, shutting out the picture. What  
had she to do with pictures like that?  
Vain dreams! Her part was not with  
dreaming, but with work-day real-  
ities.

Well, well, she would go home. Al-  
though her home was a back build-  
ing room, and no one waiting for her  
in it.

She rose the more slowly for the  
thought. She was turning toward the  
door of the main entrance, when sud-  
denly—was it with that strange sense  
of being watched, that sometimes  
moves one?—she turned around. "And  
in his eyes—in his eyes the same look  
she remembered."

While she stood motionless, he came  
up, and before she had recovered  
breath, was shaking hands with her,  
quite as though they had met last  
week, instead of last year.

But she saw him glance quickly at  
her mourning veil, which she gathered  
about her, her nervous hand strok-  
ing its folds.

"I came to see the pictures," she  
said, with an effort at ease. "I did  
not expect to see you."

"An old friend," he said promptly,  
filling up her slightest hesitation. "But  
I did."

"You?"  
"I came to see you," he said, nod-  
ding at the picture. "I tried in vain  
to find you. So I was obliged to call  
you up there to my own eye and yours.  
No stranger would recognize you. I  
took care of that. But I had, at least,  
a forlorn hope that it might prove a  
clue. Every one sooner or later comes  
to Washington, you know. And so  
it has."

"A forlorn hope, indeed," she said,  
with the ghost of a little laugh, sud-  
denly. "It is a pity it did  
not fail you. We were all so merry  
and happy that midsummer night."  
"When I dreamed a dream," he said,  
"that is just beginning to come true."

He drew her hand, with its little,  
worn, black glove, gently in his arm.  
"You won't vanish so suddenly  
again like the vision of a dream?" he  
said. "At least, you will let me take  
you home?"

She did not answer at once, and he  
said, quickly:  
"Pardon me; but it is a year and  
three weeks for me since I have  
known you. I forget that it is not  
the same thing to you. You must not  
be angry with me if I beg that you  
will sometimes let me see you at your  
home."

She stroked again the folds of her  
veil, with a hand that trembled.

"I have no home. I—I have noth-  
ing."

It was his voice that trembled.

"Nothing but an old friend," he said;  
"an old friend of a year and three  
weeks."

That was his plea, with a slight al-  
teration a little later.

"We have been friends for a year  
and four weeks," he said. "How much  
longer do we need to wait to know  
each other better? I knew you,  
Madge, the first time that I looked  
into your honest eyes. Why should  
we wait? Let me take all my life  
to make you know, better and bet-  
ter, how I love and cherish and—"

"Obey?" archly.

"Obey my wife, when she bids me  
have my way—as she will now!"—  
Waverley Magazine.

Civilization and "Ads."

The tendency of people to make use  
of the advertising columns of newspa-  
pers is a result of the progress of civ-  
ilization. Even the woman who wants  
a servant no longer hangs over the  
back fence to ask the housemaid next  
door to find one for her, but adver-  
tises her need. The time is coming  
when a business establishment of any  
kind that shall not consider the con-  
venience of the public enough to use  
the advertising columns of newspapers  
will be regarded as belonging to the  
old horse-car period.—Mexican Her-  
ald.

Clock of Tree Graces.

Count Isaac de Comondo is the own-  
er of a white marble clock, which is  
said to be worth \$250,000. It is called  
the "Clock of the Tree Graces." The  
graces are connected by festoons of  
flowers, surrounding a broken futed  
pillar, which serves as the base of a  
two-handled vase decorated with fes-  
toons of oak leaves. This vase con-  
tains the works of the clock, to the  
dial of which one of the nymphs is  
pointing with her finger.—Kansas City  
Journal.

Soldiers Who Don't Drink.

In three British regiments—the Black  
Watch, the Argyll and Sutherland  
Highlanders and the Queen's Royal  
West Surrey Regiment—over half the  
men are total abstainers.

THE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD.

At the commemoration day exer-  
cises at Princeton Bishop Satterlee  
made an eloquent address, firmly sus-  
taining the foreign policy of the ad-  
ministration, and the degree of L.L.D.  
was conferred on Secretary of State  
Hay.

The jury in the case of Henry E.  
Youtsey, tried in Georgetown, Ky., on  
the charge of being a principal in the  
murder of Governor Goebel, found him  
guilty and placed his sentence at life  
imprisonment.

Fourteen persons comprising the  
families of Thomas Miller and Andrew  
Benaswitch, were made seriously sick  
in Reading, Pa., by eating toaststools  
for mushrooms.

Both houses of the Kentucky Legis-  
lature passed the non-partisan election  
law and Governor Beckham will sign  
it.

While his wife was sewing and sing-  
ing, John Pfeiffer hung himself in Chi-  
cago in her presence without attract-  
ing her notice.

John Donan and John Ford were  
killed by an avalanche of dirt and rock  
in the Excelsior Slate Quarry, near  
York.

A daring burglar robbed the house  
of Colonel Charles L. Richardson in  
Fredericksburg, Va.

Miss Frances Griscom won the Bal-  
timore Cup in the golf tournament at  
Short Hills, N. J.

Charles Dudley Warner, the noted  
author, dropped dead at Hartford, Ct.

The Oxford Avenue Baptist Church in  
Richmond was burned.

William Algood died at Williams-  
port from the effect of knock-out drops  
given to him and his companion by a  
couple of men who robbed them.

Milly Johnson, colored, who shot a  
conductor on the Texas and Pacific  
Railway, was taken from the officers  
at Port Allen, La., and braced.

The people of Montgomery presented  
a loving-cup to Naval Constructor  
Hobson, Gen. Joseph Wheeler making  
the presentation speech.

Capt. John B. Adams, past com-  
mander-in-chief of the G. A. R.,  
dropped dead in the Statehouse at  
Boston. He was 59 years old.

Miss Mary Chenewing was burned  
to death in Kansas county, W. Va.,  
her clothing having caught fire from an  
open grate.

Nicholas Scarp, a Swedish naval  
cook, who was on the Maine when she  
was blown up, committed suicide in  
New York.

S. L. Morris was arrested in Chi-  
cago on the charge of plotting to kill  
John W. Gates, the former steel king.

Gen. Scott Shipp, superintendent of  
the Virginia Military Institute, dis-  
missed three students for hazing.

A sealed pouch containing \$7000 dis-  
appeared from the St. Paul office of the  
American Express Company.

Three masked men dynamited the  
safe of the Farmers' Bank in Nevada,  
Mo., and killed Constable Maron.

Dr. William F. Kelly died at his  
home in Carlisle, Pa. He served in  
the recent war.

Representatives of all the big coal  
mining companies met in Scranton,  
Pa., and decided to insist on a decrease  
in the price of powder being com-  
puted as part of the increase in wages  
to contract miners.

Nearly every cotton mill in North  
Carolina is tied up by a strike, the  
loomworkers demanding the discharge  
of the supervisors, claiming that they  
are brutal to their employees.

A Norfolk, Va., jury brought in a  
verdict against the Norfolk Railway  
and Light Company for \$5000 dam-  
ages for causing the death of R. J.  
Bass.

George Brown, colored, was convict-  
ed in York, Pa., of an attempt to out-  
rage Miss Nora Holdingner, and was  
sentenced to five years in the peniten-  
tiary.

The wrecking steamer Coley was  
sent to endeavor to save the cargo of  
the Baltimore schr. John A. Curtis,  
which was sunk in Hampton Roads.

The testimony was concluded in the  
trial of Youtsey for complicity in the  
murder of Governor Goebel, of Ken-  
tucky.

Erastus Warfield, colored, who tried  
to assault a farmer's wife in Elkton,  
Ky., was lynched by a mob.

The presidents of the big anthracite  
coal-carrying roads, at a conference  
held in Philadelphia, agreed to pay the  
10 per cent. increase, guarantee it un-  
til April 1 and abolish the sliding  
scale.

Eleven Slavonian strikers were ar-  
rested in Hazleton and taken to Belz-  
ville, where they were accused of caus-  
ing the rioting and murder of Ralph  
Mull at Onondaga on October 10.

The torpedo-boats Dahlgren and  
Craven were in collision outside New-  
port and were obliged to put back  
slightly damaged. They reached New-  
port safely.

Samuel Hargadine, a farmer, living  
near Dover, Del., was seriously injured  
by an explosion of dynamite.

John Hughes, postmaster at Cam-  
bria, Pa., shot and killed a burglar  
who was trying to rob the postoffice.

Harry Howard Stewart was arrested  
in New York, charged with killing his  
child in Cleveland.

Eight people were burned to death  
or suffocated in a fire in Hester street,  
New York.

Prof. Charles C. Everett, dean of the  
Harvard Divinity School, died, aged 71  
years.

Joe Pazen was shot, it is believed  
fatally, in Chicago by Zorah Carr, an  
actress.

Thomas F. Lane, son-in-law of  
United States Senator-elect Blackburn,  
of Kentucky, committed suicide at his  
home by shooting. Ill-health is as-  
signed as the cause of the act. Mr.  
Lane's little daughter was in the room  
with him at the time.

Twenty Americans repairing wires  
were surprised by Filipinos near San  
Jose, Luzon, and all killed or captured  
except seven. Three American scouts  
were also killed near Takloban.

Bids were opened at the Treasury  
Department for the erection of the new  
public building at Annapolis.

Frank Hardeman, a tramp negro, was  
lynched at Wellston, Ga., charged  
with assaulting Mrs. B. H. Pierson,  
wife of a Baptist minister.

Dr. Edgar Shumway was chosen in-  
structor in Roman law at the Univer-  
sity of Pennsylvania.

WM. L. WILSON DEAD

AUTHOR OF FAMOUS TARIFF BILL  
PASSES AWAY.

STATESMAN AND SCHOLAR

Former Postmaster-General—He was in  
Cleveland's Cabinet—Of Late He  
Had Been Acting as Assistant Secretary  
of the University, Where He Was  
Highly Esteemed and Much Beloved.

Lexington, Va. (Special).—The Hon.  
William L. Wilson, president of Wash-  
ington and Lee University and ex-  
Postmaster General, died suddenly at  
9:20 o'clock Wednesday evening of the  
congestion of the lungs. He had been  
falling ever since his return from Ariz-  
ona.

His son, Dr. Arthur Wilson, of  
Lynchburg, visited him on Sunday and  
left on Monday. Then came the sudden  
change. Mr. Wilson's attendant phy-  
sician did not give up hope of his rally-  
ing until Tuesday night. He was  
confined to the house from Tues-  
day week, but was thought to be im-  
proved when his son left him. By his  
bedside were his wife, his daughters,  
Miss Mary and Bettie Wilson, and  
one son, William H. Wilson.

William Lyne Wilson was born at  
Middleway, W. Va., on May 3, 1843.  
He was educated at Columbian College,  
Washington, where he was graduated  
in 1860. He then entered the Univer-  
sity of Virginia, but left it at the out-  
break of the Civil War to serve in the  
Confederate Army. After the war was  
over he became professor of ancient  
languages in Columbian College, his  
alma mater, and studied law. He was  
professor of Latin from 1867 to 1871,  
and studied political economy and poli-  
tics. In 1868 he married Miss Nannie  
Huntington, a daughter of the Rev. A.  
J. Huntington, dean of Columbian  
University. In 1882 he became presi-  
dent of the University of West Vir-  
ginia. A year later he entered politics  
and was elected to Congress.

He first entered politics in 1880 as a  
delegate to the Democratic National  
Convention, and in that year made a  
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on the Hancock ticket, which attracted  
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BASIS OF FRENCH NOTE.

The Opening of Peace Negotiations in  
China.

Washington (Special).—For the first  
time in three days Minister Conger  
was heard from at the State Depart-  
ment. He communicated by cable the  
substance of certain propositions ad-  
vanced by Prince Ching and Li Hung  
Chang as a basis for the conduct of  
negotiations for a settlement of the  
Chinese trouble. The Chinese govern-  
ment already had prepared the way for  
these by a preliminary action looking  
toward the punishment of Chinese of-  
ficials guilty of complicity in the Boxer  
uprising, and while the text of Mr.  
Conger's communication is not made  
public, it is believed that the last Chi-  
nese advance is addressed to some of  
the propositions contained in the  
French note, being in the nature of a